



WE PRINT
Accidents, Marriages and
Scandals With Great Cheer
BECAUSE
WE KNOW
WHO OUR SUBSCRIBERS IS
WE ALSO PRINT
JOB WORK

BINGVILLE BUGLE

INERZIA FATUM
PARIT



BY
NEWTON NEWKIRK

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EVERYBODY
WANTS
SUMTHINK
WHAT IS THE RESULT?
THEY GIT NOTHINK
ADVERTISE
IN THE
BINGVILLE BUGLE
And See What You Get



SURE I CAUGHT IT,
YES-SIR-E
LONGEST FISH,
I EVER SEE

ON THE TOTHER SIDE
OF HOSKINS BOG,
BROKE MY POLE,
AND SWIPED THE FROG.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT
I DO NOT CARE.

YOU HAY-FACED RUBES
MAKE ME WANT TO SWEAR



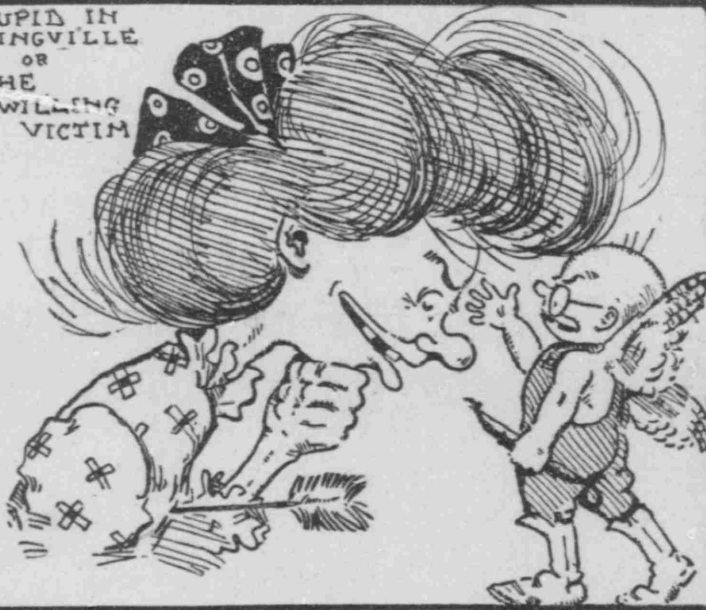
PERHAPS ILL CATCH HIM
SOME OTHER DAY,
AND THEN YOUR GRINS
WILL FADE AWAY.

HE WAS THREE FEET LONG,
ILL BET A DOLLAR

SAY YOU MAKE ME TIRED
THE WAY YOU HOLLER.

THE SAME OLD STORY. POEM BY MISS JALLY HOSKINS

CUPID IN
BINGVILLE
OR
THE
WILLING
VICTIM



HANK DEWBERRY STIRS UP A BUMBLEBEE'S
NEST WITH DISASTEROUS RESULTS



DEACON ANDREW'S
WIFE HAS BEEN
PATCHING UP THE
DEACON'S PANTS
THIS WEEK
IT MAKES A GREAT
IMPROVEMENT

CHILDREN'S CORNER



SAY BILLIE, THERE
IS LOTS OF DASH
AND SWING TO
YOUR DRAWING
BUT I PITY YOUR
POOR PA

THE BINGVILLE BUGLE

The Leading Paper of the County

Bright, Breezy, Bellicose, Bustling



How doth the busy little bee
improve each shining hour—
By gathering honey all the day
From every opening flower.

The cheapest advertising medium in the
County. If you believe in advertising come
and see us. For further information call on
or address the editor.

In this editorial we shall briefly
call the attention of the public to
Bingville as a blueberry centre. We
are moved to do this because blue-
berries are now hanging ripe on the
bushes and there are more of them
around here than the inhabitants
of this neck of woods can pick, so
we extend a hearty invitation to
outsiders from surrounding towns
to come in and get all the blue-
berries they desire.

Ever since Saw Ridge Mountain
was burnt over some eight years
ago it has been a regular paradise
for blueberries. On the sides of the
mountain today are hundreds of
bushes of blueberries which are
going to rot. There are more of
them than the birds and deer and
bears can eat even if they eat till
they burst.

It might not be out of place in
this connection to cite a few statis-
tics of the annual blueberry picking
done by Bingvillians last year.
Thus, for instance, Amri Haines
and his two boys picked 36 gals.
last season, selling same at the Co.
seat for 5 cts. per qt. You can count
up what they made on the thirty-
six gals and judge for yourself
whether or not a fortune is to be
made out of blueberries or not.
Hank Dewberry picked 5 gals his-
self unaided and alone, which is
pretty good for Hank, considering
that he is so all-fired lazy and dole-
less. Eph Higgins, our accommodating
P. M. and wife went blueberrying
one day last summer and picked
seven gals between sunup and 3
p. m., when it got so hot that Eph
almost had a sunstroke and became
so weak that his wife had to carry
all the blueberries home herself,
with Eph coming along behind so
near pestered out that he could hardly
drag one leg after the other. We
always said that Eph's wife was a
better man than he is.

Several others whose names we
could mention also picked large
quantities of blueberries last season
to sell and can, and what a person
can't sell they can can, can't they?
But what we desire to impress
on the public is that Bingville is
right in the heart of the blueberry
belt, being only five miles distant
from it. Let outsiders come to
Bingville if they desire blueberries
and put their horses up here in our
midst, thus putting a little of their
money into circulation in our town
where it will do the most good. The

blueberry pickers might also desire
to have lunches put up for them,
which the people of Bingville will
be glad to do at so much per lunch.

Added to the blueberries which
are too thick on Saw Ridge Moun-
tain is the beautiful scenery which
is afforded by a view from the top
of this mountain. It is a hard climb
to get up to the top, but the view
is well worth the trouble when the
summit is reached. No more beau-
tiful spot for a picnic will be
found than just the top of Saw
Ridge Mountain.

After you read this editorial on
Bingville blueberries pass this copy
of the Bugle on to your friends
who might be interested. Thus the
word will be spread around, and in
a short time people will flock to
us in large numbers after blueber-
ries.

Personals & Locals Mixt

Pay up your subscriptions.
Advertise in the Bugle. Sometimes it
brings results.

Right nice spell of weather we are
having at the present writing.
Miss Phronicia Watkins, one of the
most respectable young ladies of Bin-
gville, is down with a bad cold. When
or where she got it is a mystery to
Phronicia, unless she got it up and
then cooled off too quick.

Eph Higgins, our enterprising P. M.,
now announces that he has stamps on
sale in large quantities and can allow
more than one stamp to a customer,
which is something he has not done for
some time, being as Postmaster Hig-
gins has been a little mite short on
stamps. If you wish stamps see him at
once.

Brad Peters is cutting wheat this
week. Brad also cut a snake in two
with the reaper, which measured five
feet from tip to tip. It was a black
snake.

Along about 9:30 Hank suddenly
drove over a bumblebee's nest and what
happened immediately afterwards al-
most beggars description.

The bumblebees rize up as one bum-
blee and appeared to settle on Hank and
the horses.

Hank hadn't been stung more than a
dozen times until he dropped the lines
and started to run for the fence where
all the people were congregated. As soon
as the horses found themselves at liberty
they, too, goaded by the bumblebees, lit
out for parts unknown, dragging the
mower after them at the rate of about
15 miles a hour, and running into a
stump and breaking off the cutbar.

Then they proceeded to the far end of
the field and ran into a stone fence, and
finding their progress blocked in this
direction and several bumblebees still
prodding them they stood still and began
to kick and kicked until they kicked
every bit of harness off them and then
they went to eating grass.

In the meantime, Hank he kept right
on tords the crowd hollering bloody
murder. Deacon Bradbury realized that
if Hank kept on the direction he was
going he would surely bring the bum-
blebees into the crowd and he hollered
at Hank to for goodness sakes go back,
but Hank said afterwards he thought
this was poor advice, being as the bum-
blebees was pushing it to him like all
Sam Hill, and to go back would be of
no use to him, so he kept right on
right on and when he reached the fence
he threw himself over it and struck
up Main street tords his home.

As Deacon Bradbury feared the bees
then begin to scatter and to attack the
innocent as well as the guilty, sparing
neither men, women or children. Mrs.
Salina Cooper who had come out to the
fence with her infant son, aged three
months, and is so heavy on her feet that
she can't run very fast being as she
weighs 275 lbs., started home, but the
bees stung her once on her escape and
once on her infant son.

skunk any time. We think this smell is
something which the Board of Health
ought to look after.

Samantha Deewers actually walked
from her home across the road to the
P. O. last week. This is the first time
Samantha has been out of the house
this summer, being as she has been on
the sick list for five or six years. After
she got back to the house Samantha had
a terrible relapse, and now she is worse
than ever.

STING!

Hank Dewberry Stirs Up a Bumble-
Bee's Nest in Our Midst With
Disasterous Results to Some of
Our Most Respected Citizens.

There was a good deal of excitement
in this vicinity on last Tuesday morn-
ing at half past 9 o'clock a. m., which for
a time greatly disturbed the erstwhile
calm and quiet of our thriving com-
munity, and resulted in pain and profanity
to a large number of our most respected
citizens.

Lafe Hoover has a piece of ground
which borders on the west side of Bin-
gville, perhaps 10 acres in all, which he
let come up in timothy this season. Lafe
let last Tuesday to cut this timothy, and
employed Hank Dewberry to help him
do the same. Lafe and Hank started in
bright and early. Hank he drove the
mower and Lafe he came behind later
with his old sorrel mare hitched to the
hay tedder.

There was a large crowd along the
street leaning over the fence watching
Lafe and Hank do the work and offering
suggestions as to how it should be did.
It is the general belief that this crowd
was attracted by the spectacle of Hank
actually working, which is so rare a
sight that the people of Bingville can
hardly be blamed for turning out en
masse, as you might say.

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Hank hadn't been stung more than a
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they went to eating grass.

of times on the ear, and one bee got
fast in his whiskers and he don't know
how many times it stung him before he
got it untangled—he counted up to 11
stings and then he lost count, because
it was too painful to remember.

Miss Sally Hoskins, who was passing
along the street to mail a letter to her
best fellow who lives at Snake Bend had
a bumblebee to sting her on the
ankle through her openwork stockings.

Snide Peters had two bees to get
up his pant leg and he got out in the
road and danced a jig for about two
minutes. Ras Slocumb said after it was
all over that he never knowed Snide
could dance like that being as Snide al-
ways complained of being crippled up
with rheumatiz, but with them two bees
up his pant leg he was as spry as a
16-year-old.

Several others whose names we failed
to get were stung on different localities,
and in a short time after the bees got
into the crowd the street was deserted,
being as those who had got stung dis-
persed at once to their various homes,
where they bathed the affected parts in
various liniments.

Hank Dewberry suffered awful. His
face, especially his lips, was all stung
up fearful where the bees jabbed it to
him. Hank said he wouldn't be exag-
gerating it any if he said that his upper
lip felt about two feet and a half long,
whereas it was only three inches long
by actual measurement.

Lafe Hoover, whose mowing machine
was almost a total wreck, not only re-
fused to pay Hank any wages for help-
ing him cut his timothy, but he has
Hank charged up with the loss of his
mower. Hank says Lafe is welcome to
the money to pay for his mower if he
can get it. Hank says before he would
pay for that mower after having his
feelings outraged and himself mutilated
so by them bumblebees he would carry
suit for damages up to the Supreme
Court and spend every cent he had in
the world fighting the suit. If Hank
spent every cent he had in the world
he would expend about 15 cts.

Emily Will Sing

Miss Emily Dewberry is to sing a
solo at church services next Sunday
morning if the weather is favorable. If
it is not favorable Emily can't wear her
new chintz dress, and if she can't wear
that she won't go to church at all and
hence won't sing. Emily is a real good
singer if she wouldn't holler so loud.

LOST!

While I was fishing for pickerel in
Gothic Pond one day last week I lost
my fish hook and part of my line. I
think it got fast on a big log or a big
pickerel. Being as it was the only hook
I had, I miss it terrible. Anybody find-
ing said hook please return to me. I can
tie it back onto the line and it will answer
just the same as ever.
Bingville. HAME WILKINS.

TO LET

I have a pair of specs which I will sell
or to let to anybody needing to wear
specs. I paid a dollar for these specs at
the Co. seat only a month ago, but they
don't suit me. I can see better without
'em. But they might suit you and if
they do here is your chance. I will sell
these specs for 75 cts. or I will let
them for 10 cts. per week. See me about
it immediate. JARED PETERSBY.
Bingville.

No Money Inside

Iz Hemmingway, who lives down to
Boston, but was borned and raised in
Bingville and has been a constant sub-
scriber to the Bugle for seven or eight
years, we forget which, wrote us a letter
last week in which he said: "I inclose
you \$5, for which please give me credit
on subscription," but there ain't a cent
in the letter. It either dropped out on
the way, or was stole or Iz failed to
inclose it. This was a terrible disap-
pointment to us when we think what a
blessing that fiver would be to us if we
could only get our hands upon it.

Lige Cut His Pants

Lige Green while chopping a little
kindling for his mother last Sunday had
the axe to slip on him and cut a hole
through his pants and into his leg. Lige
says he don't care for his leg, but he
hates like sixty to have a hole cut into
his pants being as they are his Sunday
best.

SCARE FOR JOHNNY

Little Johnny Skinner while swim-
ming in Snake Creek last week, got a
leech on him which he couldn't pull off,
being as it was stuck so fast and Johnny
was scared it would suck all the blood
outen him before he could get home, so
he up and hiked it from the creek right
up through the main street of Bingville
without no clothes on, and shocked the
community terrible. His mother cut the
leech in two with a butcher knife and
then it come off. Mrs. Skinner then
went down to the creek and got Johnny's
clothes.

PASTE FOR SALE

We made up some paste for our own
personal use last week and we have a
little mite more paste than we need for
our personal use, so we will sell some
of this paste to anyone needing paste.
Paste is a terrible handy thing to have
around the house when you want to
stick something together. We wont
charge much for this paste if you come
and get it immediate before it spoils on
our hands.
EDITOR BUGLE.

STOLE!

Some fiend in human form went and
stole that padlock off my henhouse
door one night last week and he had
better return same or I will haft to let
the law take its course, being as he was
saw to do it by a party who will report
him to Seth Dewberry, our town constable
who will run him to earth if it takes
until next winter. How can I keep my
henhouse locked at nights without no
padlock?
Bingville. MOSE HINGHAM.

RATS! RATS!

Are you bothered with
rats? If so, do you desire
to get shet of them?

Then see me and I will get shet of
them for you at moderate cost. I have
a way of ridding your house of rats
that is safe and sure and will make
them leave the place in a
few days.

The way I do is to poison
them.

I will guarantee that these rats will
not go and die on the place, but will go
off to some neighbor's house and die
there. The rat who takes a
taste of my poison is a
goner.

Rats like my poison. It tastes good to
them, but it is sure death.

If you have rats see me.

Prices reasonable, consid-
ering what a nuisance rats
do be.

Bingville. SIMON COOPER.
Rat Killen